

Title _____
Author _____

Author _____

Accession No. ~~SECRET~~

Call No.

[illegible]

Call No. _____

215

Title _____

Author _____

Accession No. _____

Call No. 

[illegible]

THE INDIAN ^{80%} GATEWAY TO POETRY

INDIAN POEMS FOR
INDIAN HIGH SCHOOLS

3m
1.10

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
CYRIL MODAK, M.A.

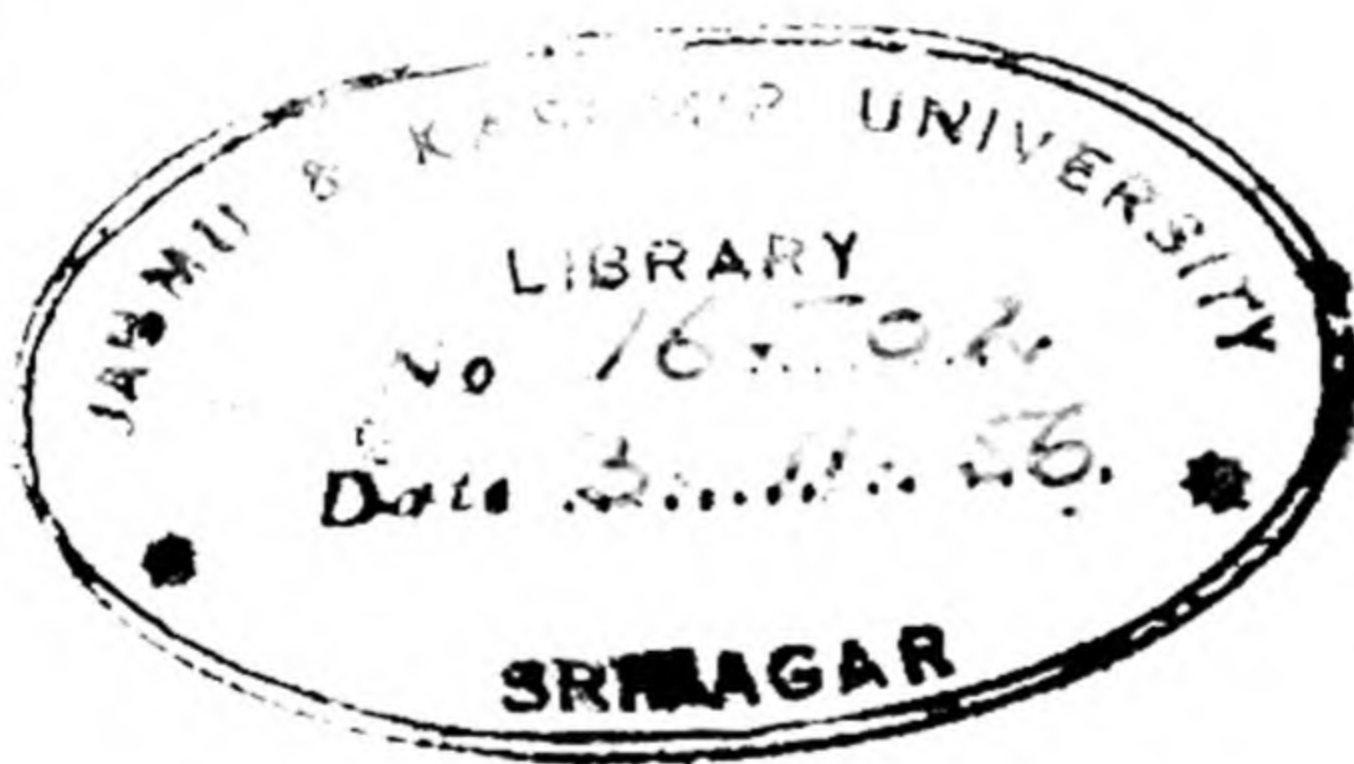
WITH A FOREWORD BY
PROF. AMARNATH JHA, M.A.
HEAD OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT, ALLAHABAD UNIVERSITY

1886
1886

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO. LTD.
17 CHITTARANJAN AVENUE, CALCUTTA
NICOL ROAD, BOMBAY
36A, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS
LONDON, NEW YORK AND TORONTO

1938

CATFORD RY



ST 01
R61

ALLAMA IQBAL LIBRARY
16502

FOREWORD

There are so many poetical selections for school that every fresh addition has to justify itself. Modak's book follows a plan which is its own efficient justification. He realises the difficulties in the way of a young Indian student eager to read English poetry: the genius of the language is so different, the landscape is so unfamiliar, the legends and myths are so strange, the historic background is so vague that it is surprising that the task is not abandoned in despair. That despite these and other obstacles so many hundreds of Indians enjoy English poetry is a tribute alike to the rich appeal of that poetry, the skill of the teacher, and the native intelligence of the learner. Mr. Modak desires to make this appeal yet more quick, yet more intimate by including pieces on Indian themes and with an Oriental ground. I have no doubt that the compilation will be warmly welcomed by students and teachers alike.

AMARNATH JHA.

Title _____

Author _____

Accession No.

Call No.

[illegible]

PREFACE

There was a time before the famous Resolution of 1835 when poems in English interpreting the heart of India did not exist. It was somewhat plausible if at that period of the official system of education in this country Indian boys and girls were obliged to study and recite passages from *Paradise Lost*. But today, after a century of Indo-Anglian verse, when there are many books of English poems written by Indians, there is no excuse to insist on the use of poems which are unfamiliar in sentiment and allusion, to Indian boys and girls. It should be remembered that the first volume of English verse written by Indians appeared in Calcutta some five years before Macaulay laid the foundations of the official system of public instruction through the medium of English. If English poetry is to be taught successfully to Indian students it ought to be such as is intelligible to them, containing images they can easily conjure up, allusions they can comprehend, and an atmosphere that is natural to them. It must obviously be poetry written in English by Indians. When the subject matter is familiar to them they will have a better chance of studying it "for the sake of its substance, its form, and its style; for the sake of the thought and the imagination it contains, and the methods used to express these; for the sake of its lofty, large, or acute perception of things; its power of exposition; the beauty, force and meaning of its metaphors, its similes, its epithets; the strength and music of its language," as Courthope-Bowen estimates the function of the study of literature. Has it not been a pedagogical mistake of the first

PREFACE

magnitude to continue to prescribe for Indian students poems written by foreigners, which of necessity have been overloaded with foreign unintelligible atmosphere? Many generations of sincere educationists have been deceived by the argument that since English students learning Greek and Latin study the Greek and Latin masterpieces of Homer and Virgil, hence the Indian student learning English ought to study the English masterpieces of Milton and Tennyson. The English student is familiar with the cultural atmosphere of ancient Greece and Rome. The culture of his own race has borrowed very largely from classical antiquity. But the Indian student is a stranger to the traditions of England. The cultural heritage of the Indian has no kinship with that of England. The thought-forms of the Indian are not similar to the thought-forms of the Englishman. The poetical images of the Indian are different from those of the Anglo-Saxon. The natural surroundings and imaginative constructions of the Indian find no parallels among the English. It is, therefore, poor psychology to expect the Indian to learn the English language and to acquire literary taste through English poetry.

Those who have had experience of the teaching of English poetry in Indian schools know how impossible it is to convey the local colour of poems such as "Blenheim" or "Fidelity" or "The Burial of Sir John Moore" or "The Slave's Dream." Those who have tried to teach Indian students the most elementary appreciation of English poetry know how disappointing it is to get them to understand "The Inchcape Rock", "Three Fishers" or "The Sun's Travels" with its glaring anachronism,—

"While *here at home* in shining day
We round the sunny garden play,

PREFACE

Each little *Indian* sleepy head
Is being kissed and put to bed."

Does the principle of congruity have no place in the selection of English poems for Indian students?

It is argued by some, and implicitly accepted by others, that since no foreigner can handle a language as gracefully as one who claims it as his mother-tongue, the poetry written in English by Indians is not good enough for study. This argument has ceased to sound as convincing as it did thirty years ago. There are Indo-Anglian poems which are acknowledged by English critics of note to be unimpeachable as good poetry. Poems by Toru Dutt, Henry Derozio, Sarojini Naidu, Manmohan Ghose, Arobindo Ghose and others have won the praise of English critics such as Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir Laurence Binyon. Besides, it is recognised that many English poems prescribed for Indian high schools do not reach the high levels of first-rate poetry, and if sometimes, as in the case of "Three Fishers" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (both poems prescribed by the High School Board of a certain Province) even third-rate verse can be recommended for study, one is tempted to ask by what canon of literary criticism the third-rate English poem of English authorship can be deemed superior to a first-rate English poem of Indian authorship.

In 1918 Macmillans published Prof. P. Seshadri's *Anthology of Indian Historical Verse* in which some of the available pieces of English verse dealing with incidents in Indian History were brought together. Intended as it was for the general reader and to some extent for colleges it did much to arouse an interest in Indian history as represented in English verse. But it did not offer very much to the high school student. It was not until 1920 that this need became manifest to Indian educationists when Dr. T. O. D. Dunn,

PREFACE

Inspector of Schools, Bengal, compiled his anthology of eastern themes in English verse, published as *India in Song* by the Oxford University Press. Dr. Dunn says in his Introduction, "The early study of poetry is difficult. This study becomes unfairly and unnecessarily hard when alien themes, remote and uncomprehended, are added to the complexities of language, grammar, and metrical form." Conscious of its being the first attempt to change the old order of things Dr. Dunn endeavoured to placate critics by including thirty-three poems, out of the forty-five poems in the book, written by Englishmen. Thus he failed to achieve the main purpose of his book by paying undue attention to British Indian verse in which the subject-matter, borrowed from India, but interpreted by foreigners, has taken on a strange flavour, as when Heber calls the *bulbul* "Philomel", or when Kipling sighs to the Overland Mail "We exiles are waiting for letters from Home!"

In 1927 an *Anthology of Modern Indian Poetry*, edited by Gwendoline Goodwin, was added to the *Wisdom of the East* series published by John Murray. Covering a large range of modern Indian writers of English verse this Anthology was not compiled with the High School standard in view and succeeded admirably in the circle for which it was meant. But there was still need for a suitable collection of English verse based on Indian topics, as far as possible by Indians, who can interpret India, its varied life and civilization, its gorgeous scenery and its traditions, more effectively than the foreigner. This is the plea for *The Indian Gateway to Poetry*.

"And the light,
Returning, shall give back the golden hours,
Ocean a windless level, Earth a lawn

PREFACE

Spacious and full of sunlit dancing-places,
And laughter and music, and, among the flowers,
The gay child-hearts of men, and the child-faces
O heart, in the great dawn !”

The Editor has taught English in Indian high schools for ten years. He has found many of the pieces included in this selection very well adapted to Indian students. It has been very satisfying to find the material for this “Gateway” because the labour has brought joy to a few Indian students of English poetry. He is convinced that the time is ripe for Indo-Anglian poems to take the place of English verse at the high school stage. Even apart from all patriotic sentiments, he hopes that those concerned will try to consider the situation from an educational point of view, remembering that the congruous and the familiar are more easily *learned* than the incongruous and the unfamiliar. At the University stage the student can more easily take up the study of Shakespeare and Milton, Tennyson, Browning, and Bridges after a preliminary training in Indo-Anglian poetry.

C. M.

Jubbulpore, 1938.

Title

Author

Accession No.

Call No.

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to include copyright poems the publishers and the author are indebted to :—

Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd. for the poems entitled *At Dawn* and *Anthem of Love* by Sarojini Naidu; H. Chattopadhyaya for his poems entitled *The Blind Boy* and *Camels*; Mr. Basil Blackwell for Manmohan Ghose's poems entitled *To Sir Jagadish C. Bose* and *The Butterfly*; Mr. B. C. Dutt for the poems from the '*Dutt Family Album*' entitled *Husteena's Warrior Chief*, *Baugmaree*, *Our Casuarina Tree*, *Asoka's Message*, *The Warrior's Return*, *The Chief of Pokurna*, *Aurangzeb at His Father's Bier*; Mrs. G. K. Chettur for her husband's poems entitled *Peacocks*, *Tread Lightly* and *Nocturne*; Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. for *The Taj Mahal* by H. G. Keane; James Cousins for *Forgotten Workers* and *To Rabindranath Tagore*; P. Seshadri for *Jehangir* and *The Children*; S. S. L. Chordia for *Surdas, the Blind Poet* and *Delhi*; Oxford University Press for Mary Dobson's *The Aloe in Flower*, *The Persian Carpet*, *Running Water* and Brigadier C. S. Tute's translation of Hali's '*Quatrains*'—*The Will To Do* and *Wisdom*; J. M. Dent & Co. Ltd. for Ryder's *The Himalayan Mountain Range*, an extract from Ryder's translation of *Sakuntala* (Everyman's Library).

Title _____

Author _____

Accession No. 

Call No.

[illegible]

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD <i>by Prof. Amarnath Jha, M.A. Head of the English Department, The University of Allahabad.</i>	iii
PREFACE	v
ACKNOWLEDGMENT	xi
1. TO INDIA <i>by Henry Derozio</i>	1
2. AT DAWN <i>by Sarojini Naidu</i>	2
3. THE BLIND BOY <i>by H. Chattopadhyaya</i>	2
4. CAMELS <i>by H. Chattopadhyaya</i>	4
5. ANTHEM OF LOVE <i>by Sarojini Naidu</i>	5
6. TO SIR JAGADIS C. BOSE <i>by Manmohan Ghose</i>	6
7. HUSTEENA'S WARRIOR CHIEF <i>by M. M. Dutt</i>	7
8. CHITTORE <i>by Cyril Modak</i>	8
9. BAUGMAREE <i>by Toru Dutt</i>	9
10. OUR CASUARINA TREE <i>by Toru Dutt</i>	10
11. FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE <i>by Henry Derozio</i>	13
12. EVENING IN AUGUST <i>by Henry Derozio</i>	14
13. PEACOCKS <i>by G. K. Chettur</i>	15
14. TREAD LIGHTLY <i>by G. K. Chettur</i>	17
15. NOCTURNE <i>by G. K. Chettur</i>	18
16. THE BUTTERFLY <i>by Manmohan Ghose</i>	20
17. RAINS <i>by Cyril Modak</i>	21
18. TO MY STUDENTS <i>by Cyril Modak</i>	23
19. ASOKA'S MESSAGE <i>by R. C. Dutt</i>	24
20. SUMMER <i>by R. T. H. Griffith</i>	25
21. HYMN TO MORNING <i>by R. T. H. Griffith</i>	27
22. THE MESSENGER CLOUD <i>by R. T. H. Griffith</i>	28
23. THE DUTY OF KINGS <i>by R. T. H. Griffith</i>	30
24. HYMN TO USHAS <i>by W. Waterfield</i>	31
25. SONG OF THE KOIL <i>by W. Waterfield</i>	33

CONTENTS

	PAGE
26. CHURNING OF THE OCEAN <i>by W. Waterfield</i> ...	34
27. TAJ MAHAL <i>by H. G. Keene</i> ...	36
28. THE FORGOTTEN WORKERS <i>by James Cousins</i> ...	37
29. TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE <i>by James Cousins</i> ...	38
30. JEHANGIR AND THE CHILDREN <i>by P. Seshadri</i> ...	40
31. SURDAS . . . THE BLIND POET <i>by S. S. L. Chordia</i>	41
32. DELHI <i>by S. S. L. Chordia</i> ...	42
33. AYODHYA <i>by R. T. H. Griffith</i> ...	43
34. THE ALOE IN FLOWER <i>by Mary Dobson</i> ...	45
35. THE PERSIAN CARPET <i>by Mary Dobson</i> ...	46
36. RUNNING WATER <i>by Mary Dobson</i> ...	47
37. THE WARRIOR'S RETURN <i>by S. C. Dutt.</i> ...	49
38. THE CHIEF OF POKURNA <i>by O. C. Dutt</i> ...	52
39. AURANGAZEB AT HIS FATHER'S BIER <i>by</i> <i>H. C. Dutt</i> ...	56
40. THE WILL TO DO (from HALI) <i>by C. S. Tute</i> ...	59
41. WISDOM (from HALI) <i>by C. S. Tute</i> ...	61
42. THE HUNT <i>by A. W. Ryder</i> ...	63
43. THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN-RANGE <i>by A. W. Ryder</i>	64

APPENDIX

A. BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ...	66
B. TYPES OF POEMS ...	70

1. TO INDIA—MY NATIVE LAND

My country ! in thy day of glory past
A beauteous halo circled round thy brow,
And worshipped as a deity thou wast.
Where is that glory, where that reverence now ?
Thy eagle pinion is chained down at last,
And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou :
Thy minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee
Save the sad story of thy misery !
Well—let me dive into the depths of time,
And bring from out the ages that have rolled
A few small fragments of those wrecks sublime,
Which human eyes may never more behold ;
And let the guerdon of my labour be
My fallen country ! one kind wish from thee !

HENRY DEROZIO

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What are the main ideas in the Sonnet?
(b) Write the meaning of :—
 - (1) Beauteous halo circled round the brow.
 - (2) Eagle pinion.
 - (3) The ages that have rolled.
 - (4) Wrecks sublime.
- (c) What do you know of Derozio?
2. (a) What is a Sonnet?
(b) Pick out the metaphors in the Sonnet.
3. What makes this piece especially remarkable?

2. AT DAWN

Children, my children, the daylight is breaking,
The cymbals of morn sound the hour of your waking,
The long-night is o'er, and our labour is ended,
Fair blow the fields that we tilled and we tended,
Swiftly the harvest grows mellow for reaping,
The harvest we sowed in the time of your sleeping.

Weak were our hands but our service was tender,
In darkness we dreamed of the dawn of your splendour,

In silence we strove for the joy of the morrow,
And watered your seeds from the wells of our sorrow,
We toiled to enrich the glad hour of your waking,
Our vigil is done, lo! the daylight is breaking.

SAROJINI NAIDU

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write a short paraphrase of the poem.
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Cymbals of morn.
 - (2) The harvest grows mellow.
 - (3) Wells of our sorrow.
 - (4) To enrich the glad hour of your waking.
- (c) Who is Mrs. Naidu?
2. (a) Scan the first four lines..
(b) Distinguish the figures of speech in:—
 - (1) Cymbals of morn.
 - (2) Weak were our hands.
 - (3) Lo! the daylight is breaking.
3. Which lines do you like best?

3. THE BLIND BOY

He stood afar, alone, at my gate,
A little beggar-boy of seven,
In his voice I felt there was something of Heaven
And something of earth in his fate.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

For the boy was blind and blank as the skies
When pale clouds cover their star-lights up—
Like wine that is spilt from a shattered cup
Was spilt the light from his eyes.

We who pity you, poor blind thing !
Since you live blind and alone and apart,
Know not that God has opened His wing,
His beautiful wing in your heart.

Blind and quiet boy of the poor !
I, too, will close these eyes of fire,
And feel a kind hand open a door
To some divine desire.

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write the substance of the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 1. In his voice I felt there was something of
Heaven
And something of earth in his fate.
 2. Blind and blank as the skies.
 3. Eyes of fire.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza.
(b) Explain the following identifying the figures of
speech :—
 - (1) Like wine that is spilt from a shattered
cup
Was spilt the light from his eyes.
 - (2) Know not that God has opened His wing,
His beautiful wing in your heart.
 - (3) And feel a kind hand open a door
To some divine desire.
3. What feelings have you experienced at the sight of
a blind boy?

4. CAMELS

From fairy pitchers dusk out-pours
Her subtle grey and fills
With melody of silences
The camel-coloured hills.

Cloud-camels wander in the sky's
Dim desert lone and bare
A-tinkling stars like silver bells
Among the dusky air.

Through the moth-dusk I sit and gaze
Into my spirit's glass
Wherein my visions, one by one,
Like shadowy camels pass.

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

QUESTIONS

1. Explain :—

- (1) Melody of silences.
- (2) Camel-coloured hills.
- (3) Moth-dusk.
- (4) Spirit's glass.

2. Give examples of the following :—

- (1) Simile.
- (2) Metaphor.
- (3) Alliteration.

3. Which do you consider the most descriptive stanza?

5. AN ANTHEM OF LOVE

Two hands are we to serve thee, O our Mother,
To strive and succour, cherish and unite;
Two feet are we to cleave the waning darkness;
And gain the pathways of the dawning light.

Two ears are we to catch the nearing echo,
The sounding cheer of Time's prophetic horn;
Two eyes are we to reap the crescent glory,
The radiant promise of renascent morn.

One heart are we to love thee, O our Mother,
One undivided, indivisible soul,
Bound by one hope, one purpose, one devotion
Towards a great divinely-destined goal.

SAROJINI NAIDU
(From *Broken Wing*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is the message of the poem?
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Cleave the waning darkness.
 - (2) Pathways of the dawning light.
 - (3) Time's prophetic horn.
 - (4) Reap the crescent glory.
 - (5) Renascent morn.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza.
(b) Find examples of:—
 - (1) Synecdoche.
 - (2) Alliteration.
 - (3) Metaphor.
3. Learn the poem by heart and paraphrase the stanza you like best.

6. TO SIR JAGADIS C. BOSE

O Hermit, Call thou in the authentic words
 Of that old hymn called Sama; 'Rise! Awake!'
 Call to the land who boasts his Sastric lore
 From vain pedantic wranglings profitless,
 Call to that foolish braggart to come forth
 Out on the face of Nature, this broad earth.
 Send forth this call unto thy scholar band;
 Together round thy sacrifice of fire
 Let them all gather. So may our India,
 Our ancient land, unto herself return.
 O once again return to steadfast work,
 To duty and devotion, to her trance
 Of earnest meditation; let her sit
 Once more unruffled, greedless, strifeless, pure
 O once again upon her lofty seat
 And platform, teacher of all other lands.

MANMOHAN GHOSE

(From *Bengali Book of English Verse*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
 (b) Explain :—
 (1) Pedantic wranglings.
 (2) Trance of earnest meditation.
 (3) Round the sacrifice of fire.
 (c) Who was Sir J. C. Bose?
2. (a) Scan the first four lines.
 (b) Find examples of personification.
3. Why does the poet address these lines to Sir J.
 C. Bose?

7. HUSTEENA'S WARRIOR CHIEF

There is a hush :—a warrior stands
 Fast by that pyre of blazing brands ;
 With all a warrior's fearless pride
 He shrinks not from the fiery tide,
 Which rolls, a golden lava-stream,
 And darts full many a lightning beam ;
 A glittering crown is on his brow
 Of beauty, tho' all pallid now,
 And in his hand a broken blade
 Bath'd in red gore but lately shed !
 He looks him round with dauntless eye,
 As one who never fears to die !
 Then "Farewell !—Death's but a short-lived pain,
 "I live not for a captive's chain ;
 "And now, ye gods who love the brave,
 "Smile o'er a warrior's fiery grave !"
 He paused—they looked—"O ! he is gone,
 "His last, his noblest deed is done,
 "Husteena, see thy hope expire,
 "Upon yon pile of blazing fire !"

MICHAEL MADHUSUDAN DUTT

(From *Captive Lady*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write the substance of the piece.
 (b) Explain :—
 (1) Golden lava-stream.
 (2) Death's but a short-lived pain.
 (3) Fiery grave.
2. Scan the last four lines.
3. What other similar story do you know?

8. CHITTORE

Has ancient Greece her shrines of chivalry,
 Where poets lay their morning flowers and sing
 The fulsome praise of Troy, Thermopylæ,
 Or Marathon, where Youth and Honour bring
 Their votive garlands year to faithless year? . . .
 Chittore! thy mournful glory like the bloom
 Of many a Hindu widow, dear, too dear
 For other eyes, is veiled in ashen gloom.

Like dying *johur* sets the sun to stain
 Thy fort (which dreams of Padmini, the fair),
 With crimson glow of burning, memoried pain,
 Of pain for those who lived till they could dare
 Time's thrust on thrust, and dare, dare unafraid
 To die when trophies could no more be won,
 The game of life no more be bravely played,
 And piercing-beauteous deeds no more be done.

For thee the gallant Jaimal gave his life,
 Heart-rending clime of many woes! For thee
 Pratap lived on the bitter bread of strife,
 And made of caves his home to set thee free.
 Forgotten ruins of a happier day!
 Chittore! thy spirit still shall quicken bones
 That are dried, dead today within dull clay,
 And turn to heroes these our carved stones.

CYRIL MODAK

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
- (b) Explain:—
 - (1) Shrines of chivalry.
 - (2) Fulsome praise.
 - (3) Troy, Thermopylæ or Marathon.
 - (4) Votive garlands.
 - (5) Memoried pain.
 - (6) Piercing-beauteous deeds.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

(7) Bitter bread of strife.

(8) And turn to heroes these our carved stones.

2. (a) Scan any four lines of the poem.

(b) Find examples of :—

(1) Metaphor.

(2) Simile.

(3) Personification.

3. What feelings does the story of Chittore awaken in your heart?

9. BAUGMAREE

A sea of foliage girds our garden round,
But not a sea of dull unvaried green,
Sharp contrasts of all colours here are seen ;
The light-green graceful tamarinds abound
Amid the mango clumps of green profound,
And palms arise, like pillars grey, between ;
And o'er the quiet pools the seemuls lean,
Red,—red, and startling like a trumpet's sound.
But nothing could be lovelier than the ranges
Of bamboos the eastward, when the moon
Looks through their gaps, and the white lotus changes
Into a cup of silver, one might swoon
Drunken with beauty there, or gaze and gaze
On a primeval Eden in amaze.

TORU DUTT

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Describe the garden.

(b) Explain :—

(1) Sea of foliage.

(2) Unvaried green.

(3) Primeval Eden.

2. (a) Scan the last four lines of the poem.

(b) Distinguish the figures of speech in :—

(1) A sea of foliage girds our garden round.

(2) Palms arise like pillars grey.

(3) Red, and startling like a trumpet's sound.

3. What do you know about Toru Dutt?

10. OUR CASUARINA TREE

Like a huge python, winding round and round
 The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars
 Up to its very summit near the stars,
 A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
 No other tree could live. But gallantly,
 The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
 In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
 Whereon all day are scattered bird and bee;
 And oft at nights the garden overflows
 With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
 Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose.

When my casement is wide open thrown
 At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
 Sometimes, and most in winter,—on its crest
 A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
 Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
 His puny offspring leap about and play;
 And far and near kokilas hail the day;
 And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
 And in the shadow on the broad tank cast
 By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
 The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence
 Dear is the Casuarina to my soul;
 Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,
 O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
 For your sakes shall the tree be ever dear!
 Blent with your images, it shall arise
 In memory, till hot tears blind mine eyes!
 What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
 Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach?
 It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech,
 That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith !
 Ah, I have heard that wail far, far away
 In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
 When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith
 And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
 Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
 When earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon :
 And every time the music rose,—before
 Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
 Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
 I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
 Unto thy honour, Tree, beloved of those
 Who now in blessed sleep for aye repose,
 Dearer than life to me, alas ! were they !
 Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
 With deathless trees—like those in Borrowdale,
 Under whose awful branches lingered pale
 “Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
 And Time the shadow ;” and though weak the verse
 That would thy beauty fain, oh fain rehearse,
 May love defend thee from Oblivion’s curse.

TORU DUTT

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the third stanza of the poem.
- (b) Explain the following expressions :
 - (1) Indented deep with scars.
 - (2) Sung darkling from our tree.
 - (3) His puny offspring.
 - (4) Hot tears blind mine eyes.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

(5) The tree's lament.

(6) The waves gently kissed the classic shore.

(7) Mine inner vision.

(8) Consecrate a lay.

(9) Defend thee from oblivion's curse.

2. (a) Scan the first five lines of the poem.

(b) What is the prevailing foot?

(c) What is the rhyme scheme?

(d) Identify the following figures of speech:

(1) Like a huge python.

(2) The giant wears the scarf.

(3) Sweet song.

(4) Earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon.

3. (a) Why was this poem written?

(b) What pictures do you get from it?

(c) Why is the five foot line more suitable than a two or three foot line for this poem?

(d) What have you enjoyed most in this poem?

(e) Describe a favourite tree near your own home.

(f) Give as many reasons as you can why the author of this poem loves the casuarina tree.

II. FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE

Oh Freedom ! there is something dear
E'en in thy very name,
That lights the altar of the soul
With everlasting flame.
Success attend the patriot sword,
That is unsheathed for thee !
And glory to the breast that bleeds,
Pleads nobly to be free !
Blest be the generous hand that breaks
The chain a tyrant gave,
And, feeling for the degraded man,
Gives freedom to the slave.

HENRY DEROZIO

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write out the substance of the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Lights the altar of the soul.
 - (2) Unsheathed for thee.
 - (3) Degraded man.
2. (a) Scan the first four lines of the poem.
(b) Find examples of :—
 - (1) Metonymy.
 - (2) Metaphor.
3. Write a paragraph on "Freedom".

12. EVENING IN AUGUST

Roll on, fair Ganges!—what a noble stream!
 And on its bosom the last, lingering beam
 Of the red, setting sun serenely lies,
 Smiling like Hope's last ray . . . and then it dies!—
 A light breeze hath disturbed the water's breast,
 Like a remembrance waking thoughts at rest;
 It seems as if in fleeting thus away,
 It had extinguished the sun's parting ray.
 What holy silence gathers now around!
 All, all is still, save the small silver sound
 Which issues from the wave that wanders by,
 Soft as an angel's harp, or maiden's sigh:
 O! I could listen to it till my soul
 In boundless floods of ecstasy might roll.

HENRY DEROZIO

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Describe briefly the scene depicted in the poem.
 (b) Explain:—
 - (1) Noble stream.
 - (2) Smiling like Hope's last ray.
 - (3) Soft as an angel's harp.
 - (4) A light breeze . . . at rest.
2. (a) Scan the whole poem. What is such a poem called?
 (b) Explain the simile that appeals to you.
3. Describe a river scene.

13. PEACOCKS

Peacocks are so beautiful,
Peacocks are so grand,
There's never a one can better them
In all this wondrous land.

Peacocks are so stately,
Peacocks are so proud,
Though some I know are prouder still,
Yet not so well endowed.

Peacocks have a hundred eyes,
But evil every one,
As traitor-hearted Argus found
Ere the day's work was done.

And peacocks are so brazen,
They have nor shame nor fear,
And the harsh voice that peacocks have
Grates on the rudest ear.

But peacocks in great gardens,
On marble terraces,
Lend pomp and passion, beauty,
And beauty, more than these.

For peacocks are so beautiful,
Peacocks are so grand,
There's never a one can better them
In all this wondrous land.

G. K. CHETTUR
(From *The Temple Tank*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write a paragraph of 100 words about peacocks, using what you learn about them from this poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Though some I know are prouder still
Yet not so well endowed.
 - (2) Stanza 5.(c) Who was Argus?
What is the story to which the author refers in stanza 3?
2. (a) Scan the first stanza of the poem.
(b) How many feet are there in each line?
(c) Identify the following figures of speech :—
 - (1) Peacocks have a hundred eyes.
 - (2) Traitor-hearted Argus.
 - (3) Grates on the rudest ear.
3. (a) Write an essay of about 250 words comparing peacocks with crows.
(b) How does the author feel about peacocks?
How do you know?

14. TREAD LIGHTLY

Tread lightly on the dewy grass,
So sweet and fresh beneath,
For every blade that God has made
Like you and me doth breathe!

Tread softly on the dewy grass,
Star-daisied on the green,
And have a care, lest here and there,
You crush a star unseen!

G. K. CHETTUR
(From *Lands and Images*).

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Star-daisied.
 - (2) Crush a star unseen.
2. (a) Scan the first four lines.
(b) Explain the second stanza.
3. What impression does the poem make on your mind?

15. NOCTURNE

The sun has slipped behind the hill,
And all the listening world is still,
Listening low and listening high,
To hear the moon's step in the sky.

Ah, here she comes in silver lace,
And treading with divinest grace
Her old accustomed pathway through
The smiles of all her courtier crew.
See, there, Orion bends to her,
Devout as any worshipper :
And there, the Twins, with sheepish eye,
Seek each other to outvie
In homage to the queen of heaven :
While, overhead, the *rishis* seven,
Seem with gaze benign and hoar
On her their blessings to outpour.

What fantasies the mind invest
With mingled lore of East and West
When Love to Beauty yields her will !
But soft ! The night is all athrill !
A hush of rapture fills the air,
While yonder, like an act of prayer,
The columned palms, their silvery girth,
Raise unto heaven from the earth :
And in the shimmering haze afar,
Beneath the steadfast northern star,
The everlasting hills, that teach
In silence more than any speech,
Patience and strength and fortitude,
Beyond us in our sternest mood.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

Hark ! Now the night wind stirs and wakes,
And over the distant waters makes
A trembling glory : now it moves
Within the shaded cocoanut groves,
In perfume wafted from its wings,
And whisper of forgotten things.

Dear God, what beauteous paths are Thine !
Now, all our being made divine,
Resurgent flows back unto Thee
Borne on this flood of ecstasy,
Knowing in moments such as these
Fulfilment of our destinies.

G. K. CHETTUR

(From *The Temple Tank*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) To hear the moon's step in the sky.
 - (2) Divinest grace.
 - (3) Courtier crew.
 - (4) Outvie in homage.
 - (5) While yonder
..... the earth.
 - (6) Sternest mood.
 - (7) Resurgent flows back unto Thee.
2. (a) Scan the first four lines.
(b) Find examples of :—
 - (1) Personification.
 - (2) Simile.
 - (3) Metaphor.
3. Write a paragraph paraphrasing the last six lines.

16. THE BUTTERFLY

Of all shy visitants, I love
 That darling butterfly,
 Whose wings are to the cornfield's wave
 A hovering reply.

Yellow as dancing wheat-ears ripe
 He suns with his gay youth,
 And feeds me with the gold of light,
 The thrice-tried gleam of truth.

When glooming back upon myself,
 The garden path I pace,
 He comes and makes my gladdened eyes
 The dial to his grace.

Unfailing omen, punctual sign!
 No sooner am I out,
 He hovers by on golden wings
 To chase the grey of doubt.

MANMOHAN GHOSE
 (From *The Yellow Butterfly*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is the substance of the piece?
 (b) Explain :—
 (1) Shy visitants. (2) Whose wings
reply. (3) He suns with his gay
 youth. (4) Thrice-tried gleam of truth. (5)
 Glooming back upon myself. (6) The dial to
 his grace. (7) The grey of doubt.
2. (a) Scan the third stanza.
 (b) Find examples for :—
 (1) Metaphor. (2) Simile.
3. What do you feel when you see butterflies flitting?

17. RAINS

Lightnings rend the sky,
Thunders shake the hills,
Rain-washed winds go by
 Whisp'ring "Thrills!
Smell, the rain is nigh!"
Earth that fevered lies
Opes her burning eyes.

 Showers of pearly rain,
 Silver showers that bring
 To the earth in pain
 Murmuring,
 Promise of soft grain,
 Verdant glad excess,
 Rippling happiness.

Dripping fall the showers
On the dripping roof,
Dripping cloud-drenched stars
 Shine aloof,
Cool, luxurious hours
Dance with dripping dreams
In the pouring streams.

 Perfume-laden praise
 From her throbbing heart
 Languid earth doth raise;
 Rainbirds start
 Glad, wild cries, their gaze
 Lifted babywise
 To the spendthrift skies.

CYRIL MODAK

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write a short paraphrase of this poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) The earth in pain.
 - (2) Promise of soft grain.
 - (3) Rippling happiness.
 - (4) Luxurious hours.
 - (5) Dripping dreams.
 - (6) Babywise.
 - (7) Spendthrift skies.
2. (a) Scan the first three lines of the poem.
(b) What is the difference in scansion between the fourth line and the other lines of each stanza?
(c) Find examples of :—
 - (1) Alliteration.
 - (2) Onomatopœia.
 - (3) Personification.
3. (a) What are the author's feelings at the first rain?
What is yours?
(b) In what lines does the author appeal to your sense of hearing, smell, sight?
(c) From this poem explain how the earth greets the rain.

18. TO MY STUDENTS

You are a part of me, of all I think,
Of all I feel, or do, or wish to be ;
The bitter cup of your defeat I drink,
And wear the flame-plumes of your victory.
I am a part of you ; through you I gain
The re-discovered sense of youth sublime,
And dare the pilgrim's flinty path of pain
To join the grand adventurous race with time.

Through you my longings deep the world shall know ;
My wordless songs wait to be sung by you ;
Yes, rooted in my heart your lives must grow
To blossom into all my dreams come true.
When in your soul I catch the echoed strain
That lures me to the poet's high emprise,
Then, then I feel I have not lived in vain
And know my Country's service is my prize.

CYRIL MODAK

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write out the substance of the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 (1) The bitter cup victory.
 (2) Re-discovered sense of youth.
 (3) Grand adventurous race with time.
 (4) My wordless songs wait to be sung by you.
 (5) Yes, rooted come true.
2. (a) Scan the last four lines.
(b) Explain the metaphors in the poem.
3. Paraphrase the last four lines.

19. ASOKA'S MESSAGE TO HIS PEOPLE

"I have spoke to subject peoples
Precepts I have loved,
I have carved on rock-made pillars
Lessons I have proved.
Ministers of faith and duty
Have my mandates told,—
Spoke to near and distant nations
Maxims loved of old!

"And within my spacious empire,
By each highway made,
Figs and mangoes I have planted
For repose and shade;
Wells I made for man and cattle,
All that breathe and move,—
But with higher toil constructed
Springs of faith and love!

"Scatter then my royal riches,
Spread my bounty then,
To the monk and to the toiler,
To all living men,
To the Brahman and the Sraman,
To all sects of fame,—
Let each clan and corporation
Know Asoka's name."

ROMESH CHUNDER DUTT

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize what Asoka did for his people according to this poem.
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Higher toil.
 - (2) Springs of faith and love.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

- (3) All sects of fame.
- (4) Clan and corporation.
- (c) Who was Asoka? When and where did he reign?
- 2. (a) Scan the first four lines of the poem.
(b) What is the rhyme-scheme?
(c) Identify the figure of speech in the following :
Royal riches.
- 3. (a) What are some of the qualities of a good ruler according to this poem?
(b) Compare Asoka with Akbar.

20. SUMMER

Now the burning Summer sun
Hath unchallenged empire won,
And the scorching winds blow free,
Blighting every herb and tree.

Should the longing exile try,
Watching with a lover's eye,
Well-remember'd scenes to trace—
Vainly would he scan the place,
For the dust with shrouding veil
Wraps it in a mantle pale.

Lo! the lion—forest king—
Through the wood is wandering;
By the maddening thirst oppress'd,
Ceaseless heaves his panting chest;
Though the elephant pass by,
Scarcely turns his languid eye—
Bleeding mouth and failing limb,
What is now his prey to him?

Where the sparkling lake before
 Fill'd its bed from shore to shore,
 Roots and twisting fibres wind,
 Dying fish in nets to bind;
 There the cranes in anguish seek
 Water with the thirsty beak,
 Fainting 'neath the burning ray
 That drinks their very lives away.

The wood is on fire! and flashing on high,
 The red flames leap, swiftly from earth to sky.
 'Tis a sight of fear—how they burn up the grass,
 And scorch in their fury the leaves as they pass!
 In their triumphing progress they meet no stream,
 For the fountains are dried by the fierce sun-beam.
 Birds pant on the boughs where no verdure waves,
 And the monkeys have fled to the mountain caves.
 Hark! 'tis the rush of the buffaloes' feet,
 As they thunder away from the fervent heat,
 Madden'd they wander here and there,
 Seeking for water everywhere.

Trans. by RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH
 (From Kalidas's *Summer*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
 (b) Explain:—
 - (1) For the dust mantle pale.
 - (2) Unchallenged empire.
 - (3) Drinks their very lives away.
 - (4) When no verdure waves.
2. (a) Scan the first four and the last four lines.
 (b) Distinguish the figures of speech in:—
 - (1) Hath unchallenged empire won.
 - (2) Lo! the lion—forest king—.
 - (3) Fainting 'neath lives away.
3. What do you know of Kalidas?

21. HYMN TO MORNING

Morning ! child of heaven, appear !
Dawn with wealth our hearts to cheer ;
Thou that spreadest out the light
Dawn with food and glad our sight ;
Gracious goddess, hear our words,
Dawn with increase of our herds !

Morning comes, the nurse of all,
Like a matron at whose call
All that dwell the house within,
Their appointed tasks begin ;
Creatures frail to death she brings ;
Now each warbler shakes his wings,
And to greet her coming, sings.

Morning ! shine with joyful ray !
Drive the darkness far away—
Bring us blessings every day !

Trans. by RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH
(From *Veda Hymns*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write the substance of the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Child of heaven.
 - (2) The nurse of all.
 - (3) Now each warbler shakes his wings.
2. (a) Scan the last three lines.
(b) Find examples of :—
 - (1) Metaphor.
 - (2) Simile.
 - (3) Personification.
3. Describe a morning scene and the impression it makes upon you.

22. THE MESSENGER CLOUD

On, on, my herald ! as thou sailest high,
 A green of richer glory will invest
 Dasarna's groves where the pale leaf is dry.
 There shall the swans awhile their pinions rest.
 Then the Rose-apple, in full beauty drest,
 Shall show her fruit : then shall the crane prepare,
 Warned of the coming rain, to build her nest,
 And many a tender spray shall rudely tear
 From the old village tree, the peasants' sacred care.

Rise with new vigour in thy wings, and look
 Upon the fainting jasmine-buds that pine
 Along the parcht bank of the mountain brook :
 To their mute prayer in pitying love incline,
 And water them with those sweet drops of thine,
 Shading awhile the heat-drop-beaded face
 Of the young flower-girl as she hastes to twine
 Her fragrant wreath, too languid to replace
 The drooping lotus-bud she culled her ear to grace.

The sweet soft zephyr, laden with the scent
 Which every lotus opening to the air
 Of morning from its rifled stores has lent,
 Plays wooingly around the loosened hair
 And fevered cheek of every lady there ;
 Then as it blows o'er Sipra fresh and strong,
 Bids all the swans upon her banks prepare
 To hail the sunrise with their sweetest song,
 And loves with its own voice the music to prolong.

Charged with the odours of the wakened earth
 Whom thy fresh rain has left so pure and gay,
 The wind of early morning, wild with mirth,
 Amid the branches of the grove shall stray

And woo each tendril to responsive play :
Then waft thee on to Devagiri's height,
Charming the ear with music on the way,
Where languid elephants shall stay his flight
And drink his balmy breath with wonder and delight.

Hark ! the gales whistling through the woods of pine,
Urging to madness all the straining boughs
That twist and chafe and bend and intertwine ;
The latent flame to wildest fury rouse,
Singeing the long hair of the mountain cows.
Quick ! rain a thousand torrents on the crest
Of the kind hill and cool his burning brows :
With wealth of water thou art richly blest,
And fortune's sweetest fruit is aiding friends distress.

Trans. by R. T. H. GRIFFITH
(From Kalidas's *Meghaduta*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write out a summary of the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) A green of richer glory.
 - (2) The fainting jasmine-buds that pine.
 - (3) Mute prayer.
 - (4) Heat-drop-beaded face.
 - (5) Rifled stores.
 - (6) The wind of early morning, wild with mirth.
 - (7) Responsive play.
 - (8) Latent flame.
2. (a) Scan the last four lines of the second stanza.
(b) Find examples of :—
 - (1) Personification.
 - (2) Metaphor.
 - (3) Alliteration.
3. In a paragraph describe your fancies on seeing a cloud sailing in the sky.

23. THE DUTY OF KINGS

He that ruleth should endeavour with his might and
main to be
Like the powers of God around him, in his strength
and majesty;
Like the Rain-god in due season sendeth showers from
above,
He should shed upon his kingdom equal favour,
gracious love;
As the sun draws up the water with his fiery rays of
might,
Thus let him from his own kingdom claim his revenue
and right;
As the mighty Wind unhindered bloweth freely where
he will,
Let the monarch, ever present with his spies all places
fill;
Like as in the judgment Yama punisheth both friends
and foes,
Let him judge and punish duly rebels who his will
oppose;
As the Moon's unclouded rising bringeth peace and
calm delight,
Let his gracious presence ever gladden all his people's
sight;
Let the king consume the wicked—burn the guilty in
his ire,
Bright in glory, fierce in anger, like the mighty god
of fire;
As the generous Mother feedeth all to whom she giveth
birth,
Let the king support his subjects, like the kindly
fostering Earth.

Trans. by R. T. H. GRIFFITH

(From *Law of Manu*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is the substance of the poem?
(b) Explain all the similes.
2. (a) Scan the first two lines.
(b) Turn any two similes into metaphors.
3. Describe in a paragraph what you think should be the duty of kings.

24. HYMN TO USHAS

Ushas I praise
Of the brilliant rays,
Who hath dwelt in heaven of gold.
The gates of the sky,
As the sun draws nigh,
Her lovely hands unfold.

Goddess of Morn,
Heavenly-born,
Many-tinted, enrobed in white,
A hundred cars
Dost thou lead to the wars
Thou wagest for us 'gainst the bands of Night.

Thou ledest the crowd,
Like a warrior proud,
Whose march is in the van;
For the realms of Night,
With thy weapon of light,
Thou art conquering back for man.

From afar, from afar,
Dost thou harness thy car
Beyond the bright sunrise;
As thy course proceeds
On the purple steeds,
Thou gladdenest mortal eyes.

Call the labourers to rest;
Call the birds from out their nest;
Call the priest to the hall of praise;
But let the niggard sleep
In the dark unlovely deep,
Afar from thy lightning rays.

W. WATERFIELD
(From *Hymn to Ushas*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Paraphrase the poem.
(b) Explain the last three lines of each of the first three stanzas.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza.
(b) Find examples of:—
 - (1) Personification.
 - (2) Metaphor.
 - (3) Simile.
3. Which stanza do you like best? Why?

25. THE SONG OF THE KOIL

O youths and maidens, rise and sing !
 The koil has come who leads the spring :
 The buds that were sleeping his voice have heard,
 And the tale is borne on by each nesting bird.
 The trees of the forest have all been told ;
 They have donned their mantles of scarlet and gold ;
 To welcome him back they are bravely dressed,
 But he loves the blossoming mango best.
 The koil is come, glad news to bring !
 On the blossoming mango he rests his wing ;
 Though its hues may be dull, it is sweet, oh ! sweet,
 And its shade and its fruit the wanderer greet.
 The koil is come, and the forests ring ;
 He has called aloud to awake the Spring,—
 Spring the balmy, the friend of Love,
 The bodiless god who reigns above.

W. WATERFIELD

(From *The Song of the Koil*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write out the substance of the poem.
 (b) Explain :—
 - (1) The koil has come who leads the spring.
 - (2) And the tale is borne on by each nesting bird.
 - (3) They have donned their mantles of scarlet and gold.
 - (4) Spring the balmy
 reigns above.
2. (a) Scan the last stanza.
 (b) What figures of speech do you find in the poem?
3. In a paragraph explain the meaning of :—
 "He has called aloud to awake the Spring."

26. THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN

Sad and bitter was the season,
In the lonely days of yore,
When the mighty demons' treason
Vexed the world from shore to shore.

Vishnu prayed they then to save them
Only him their trust they made :
Deep the counsel which he gave them,
When they looked to him for aid.

When they left the realms of pleasure,
"Know ye not, Asuras wise,"
Thus they said, "The priceless treasure
Ocean hideth from our eyes?"

"Sweet is life the while one liveth,
But death cometh soon or late ;
Win with us the draught which giveth
Life exempt from change of fate."

"If to churning of the ocean
Our united strength we bring,
From the swift and swirling motion
Will that virtuous liquor spring."

Eager strove they, struggling, straining ;
Round the mountain whirled and swung,
Shesha writhed, the task disdaining ;
High their crests the billows flung.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

Now a vision comes enthralling—
Lakshmi comes, the queen of grace;
Gods and demons prostrate falling,
Bow before that lovely face.

Slow, more slow, was Mandar turning;
Calmer grew the angry main:
Ocean from the fearful churning
Deemed the prize his own again.

Lo, once more a sight surprising!
Lo, two maidens side by side!
Each amid the waters rising
Bears a beaker from the tide.

Then the Asuras dazed and hasting
Seized the larger, fairer flask;
While the gods the *amrita* tasting
Gained the profit of the task.

W. WATERFIELD

(From *The Churning of the Ocean*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write a summary of the poem.
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Realms of pleasure.
 - (2) Life exempt from change of fate.
 - (3) Virtuous liquor.
 - (4) Angry main.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza.
(b) Write out the second stanza in prose form.
3. How was the *Amrita* gained?

27. TAJ MAHAL

White like a spectre seen when night is old,
 Yet stained with hues of many a tear and smart,
 Cornelian, bloodstone, matched in callous art :
 A flame-like passion ; like dominion cold,
 Bed of imperial consorts whom none part,
 For ever (domed with glory, heart to heart),
 Still whispering to the ages, "Love is bold
 And seeks the height, though rooted in the mould ;"
 Touched when the dawn floats in an opal mist
 By fainter blush than opening roses own ;
 Calm in the evening's lucent amethyst,
 Pearl-crowned when midnight airs aside have blown
 The clouds that rising moonlight vainly kissed,
 An aspiration fixed, a sigh made stone.

H. G. KEENE

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is your idea of the Taj Mahal after reading this poem?
 (b) Explain—
 (1) Spectre. (2) Callous art. (3) Flame-like passion. (4) Domed with glory. (5) Rooted in the mould. (6) Opal mist. (7) Aspiration fixed.
 (c) Where is the Taj Mahal? By whom and why was it built?
2. (a) Scan the poem orally.
 (b) Find all the comparisons expressed in this poem.
 (c) Find examples of :—
 (1) Simile. (2) Personification. (3) Metaphor. (4) Alliteration.
3. (a) Write your own description of the Taj Mahal in a paragraph of about 150 words.
 (b) Compare the Taj Mahal with the Pyramids at Gizeh, Egypt.
 (c) What does the Taj Mahal mean to India? What does it mean to the author of this poem?

28. THE FORGOTTEN WORKERS

Ten thousand and ten thousand came and went,
 Forgotten builders of one lasting name,
 Even as fuel perishes to flame,
 Grapes to new wine, their strength for others spent.
 Yet here they have enduring monument
 (One with the master's whom our lips proclaim)
 Beyond the loud irrelevance of fame,
 The worker lost, in his great work content.

Ah! smile on us who build Thy House of Life,
 Allah! that we, though nameless, have the grace
 To perish greatly in Thy rising fane
 Where Beauty wields pain's hammer, death's keen
 knife.

Grant us oblivion in Thy shining Face;
 All else forgotten, Thou alone remain.

JAMES COUSINS
 (From *Surya-Gita*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is the substance of the piece?
 (b) Explain:—
 - (1) Forgotten builders of one lasting name.
 - (2) Enduring monument.
 - (3) Beyond the loud irrelevance of fame.
 - (4) House of Life.
 - (5) Have the grace to perish greatly.
2. (a) Scan the poem. What is such a poem called?
 (b) Explain all the similes and metaphors.
3. Write a short paragraph explaining "Grant us oblivion in Thy shining Face".

29. TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I thought for golden poesy
In dedicated prose to pay,
Veiling impossibility
In that old kindly courteous way.
But all your flowing tide of fame
Went singing round my echoing shore
When on my page I put your name—
And made my debt but tenfold more!

Yea, and the world that holds your praise
Moves thus between two powers at feud—
Speech that undoes what it essays,
And silence like ingratitude.
Yet since a sacramental hand
May sanctify the humblest weed,
I lift our love's transforming wand
And give intention for the deed,
With one deep wish that, till the set
Of sun across your songs' wide sea,
Our backs may bend with growing debt
For your pure golden poesy!

JAMES COUSINS
(From *Surya-Gita*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize briefly the contents of the first stanza of this poem.
- (b) Give the meaning of the following:—
 - (1) Kindly courteous way.
 - (2) Silence like ingratitude.
 - (3) A sacramental hand.
 - (4) Humblest weed.
 - (5) Golden poesy.
- (c) Who is Rabindranath Tagore? Why is he famous?

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

2. (a) Scan the first four lines of the last stanza.
(b) In what metre is this poem written?
(c) Identify the following figures of speech :—
 - (1) In dedicated prose to pay.
 - (2) Kindly courteous way.
 - (3) Silence like ingratitude.
 - (4) A sacramental hand.
 - (5) Songs' wide sea.
 - (6) Our backs may bend.
3. (a) What is the poet's opinion of the poetry of Tagore? Give phrases from the poem to prove your answer.
(b) Compare Tagore with any other great figure in India today. What is the difference between his contribution to literature and that of the person you have chosen?

30. JEHANGIR AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN

One day, through crowded streets of fair Lahore
 Royal Jehangir passed in pomp; from afar
 And near, the surging people poured; minar
 And mosque and towering arch and column bore
 The gayest signs of festival. He wore
 A kindly, smiling look and beamed his grace
 Upon the humble crowd; along the city's ways
 Thus passed the cavalcade. When lo! the roar
 And din suddenly ceased. The king got down
 His stately tusker joining in the ground
 A knot of little ones absorbed in play,
 And loud exclaimed, "He wished he were as gay,
 His life were such a simple, stainless round
 Of joy, without the weighty cares of crown."

P. SESHADRI

(From *Champak Leaves*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Tell in your own words the story of the poem.
 (b) Explain:—
 - (1) The surging people poured.
 - (2) Gayest signs of festival.
 - (3) Beamed his grace.
 - (4) Stately tusker.
 - (5) Absorbed in play.
 - (6) Stainless round of joy.
- (c) Who was Jehangir? When and where did he live?
2. (a) Scan the first four lines of this poem.
 (b) Name the prevailing foot.
 (c) Find examples of:—
 - (1) Alliteration. (2) Metaphor. (3) Synecdoche.
3. From this poem what sort of person do you take Jehangir to be?

31. SURDAS . . . THE BLIND HINDI POET

O sun among the bards of Brija green !
 You looked upon the face of love and youth
 And wandered in the trackless path of truth
 Till darkness fell upon your vision keen.
 Your light was quenched like Milton's, but full well
 You left the wizard charms of earth and sky,
 Of birds and trees and flowers that bloom and die,
 Rehearsing them in music's wondrous spell.
 From sunrise, moonrise, and the streaming stars
 You built a perfect nesting for the blind
 And trustful souls on earth to rest and find
 Eternal peace untouched by raging wars.
 You sang of Nature and her God sublime
 In verse of gold outsoaring space and time.

S. S. L. CHORDIA

(From *Chitor and Other Poems*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write out the substance of the poem.
 (b) Explain :—
 - (1) O sun among the bards of Brija green !
 - (2) Looked upon the face of love and youth.
 - (3) Trackless path of truth.
 - (4) Your light was quenched like Milton's.
 - (5) You built a perfect nesting for the blind
 And trustful souls on earth to rest and find
 Eternal peace untouched by raging wars.
 - (6) Verse of gold.
2. (a) Scan the poem. What would you call it?
 Why?
 (b) Give and explain the figures of speech.
3. What do you know about Surdas?

32. DELHI

The twilight stirs among the wilted leaves
 Of autumn's myriad whispers as I sit
 Beside the phantom-haunted graves unlit,
 A crooning wind weird spells around me weaves.
 Dreams of the proud and mighty ghost-like flit
 Chilled in the icy breath of death, and trust
 To me the secrets of the heroes in the dust . . .
 Long dead and now beyond recall. The writ
 Of Fate I read amidst the ruins grand
 Wide scattered all around the Kutub land.
 The dynasties and kings have passed away,
 With pomp and pageant dazed, into the tomb.
 Despoiled by death, touched by the hand of doom,
 Their starry names flashed briefer than a day.

S. S. L. CHORDIA

(From *Chitor and Other Poems*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Paraphrase the sonnet.
 (b) Explain:—
 - (1) Autumn's myriad whispers.
 - (2) Phantom-haunted graves.
 - (3) Weird spells around me weaves.
 - (4) Dreams of the proud and mighty ghost-like flit
 Chilled in the icy breath of death.
 - (5) The writ of Fate.
 - (6) The hand of doom.
 - (7) Their starry names flashed briefer than a day.
2. (a) Scan the poem.
 (b) Find examples of:—
 - (1) Alliteration.
 - (2) Metaphor.
 - (3) Personification.
3. Write out a paragraph about "The Kutub Land".

33. AYODHYA

On pleasant Sarju's fertile side
There lies a rich domain,
With countless herds of cattle thronged
And gay with golden grain.

Her vast extent, her structures high,
With every beauty deckt,
Like Indra's city, showed the skill
Of godlike architect.

Or, like a bright creation sprung
From limner's magic art,
She seemed too beautiful for stone :
So fair was every part.

Her ample streets were nobly planned,
And streams of water flowed
To keep the fragrant blossoms fresh
That strewed her royal road.

There rose to heaven the Veda-chant,
Here blent the lyre and lute :
There rang the stalwart archer's string,
Here softly breathed the flute.

By penance, charity and truth,
They kept each sense controlled,
And, giving freely of their store,
Rivalled the saints of old.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

All scorned to lie : no miser there
His buried silver stored :
The braggart and the boast were shunned,
The slanderous tongue abhorred.

R. T. H. GRIFFITH
(From *Ayodhya*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write a brief description of Ayodhya as pictured in this poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Beauty deckt.
 - (2) Godlike architect.
 - (3) Limner's magic art.
 - (4) Breathed the flute.
 - (5) Rivalled the saints of old.
 - (6) Slanderous tongue.(c) Where was Ayodhya? In what period of history do we find this city?
2. (a) Scan the first four lines of the poem.
(b) What is the metre used?
(c) Find examples of the following figures of speech :—
 - (1) Alliteration.
 - (2) Hyperbole.
 - (3) Personification.
 - (4) Simile.
 - (5) Synecdoche.
3. Give reasons for thinking that Ayodhya would have been an agreeable city in which to live.

34. THE ALOE IN FLOWER

Everywhere tawny, stinging sand
 Shifting,
 Drifting
Over the dreary desert-land.
Yet the tall aloe heavenly-fair,
Touched by no breath of dry despair,
Raiseth her crown of blossoms high,
Pearl-white against the sapphire sky.
How dost thou bloom thou wondrous flower,
 Living,
 Giving
Out to the world thy beauty's dower?
Perfect in colour, form and grace
Though in this drear, unfertile place,
How dost thou flourish, growing thus?—
“Here, in a dry and thirsty sod,
Drink I the secret springs of God.”

MARY DOBSON

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Write out the substance of the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Touched by no breath of dry despair.
 - (2) Beauty's dower.
 - (3) Secret springs of God.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza.
(b) Find examples of :—
 - (1) Metaphor.
 - (2) Alliteration.
 - (3) Simile.
3. Write out a paragraph about the Aloe.

35. THE PERSIAN CARPET

Woven with mystic tracing,
Circle, and star, and line,
Crossing and interlacing,
Delicate, soft, and fine.

Blue as the orchids tender
High on the table-land;
White as the lilies slender,
Gold as the shining sand.

Often my fancy lingers,
Watching the weaver-man
Who with his busy fingers,
Wove it in Isfahan;

Wove it with sunset wonder,
All that I long to know,
In and out, through, and under,
Dreamings of long ago.

Ah, did that weaver hoary,
Far in a distant land,
Know I should guess his story,
Know I should understand!

MARY DOBSON

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Mystic tracing.
 - (2) Blue as the orchids.
 - (3) Sunset wonder.
2. (a) Scan the first four lines.
(b) Explain the stanza which you consider the most descriptive.
3. Have you seen a Persian carpet? Describe a Persian carpet in a few sentences.

36. RUNNING WATER

Oh, earth has many voices, yea, and many a varied
tone,

You may hear them as you wander o'er the summer
land alone :

The murmur in the cornfield when the golden ears
bend low,

As creeps the wind among them, and stirs them to
and fro ;

The tinkle of the camel-bells at time of evening-star
When all the caravan comes home, returning from
afar,

The glowing praise of sunrise, the starry praise of
night,

The silent praise of snowy wastes upon the mountain
height ;

But fairer far than any sound that we can think or
dream,

The sound of running water, of a living, rippling
stream !

Oh, earth has many voices, you may hear them if you
will :

The plaintive cry of newborn lambs upon a springtide
hill,

The trilling of a watching-bird that swings beside a
nest,

The song a mother croons to hush the baby on her
breast,

The joyful shout of children growing boisterous at
their play ;

But there is yet a fairer sound upon a sultry day :
A song of bubbling gladness free, a song of gurgling
joy,
A carol of contentment pure that nothing can destroy ;
Its sources are almighty, for it comes from God's own
hand,
That living, running water, in a dry and thirsty land.

MARY DOBSON

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Describe in your own words the scene portrayed in the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Earth has many voices.
 - (2) Time of evening-star.
 - (3) Glowing praise of sunrise.
 - (4) Plaintive cry.
 - (5) Trilling of a watching-bird.
 - (6) Bubbling gladness.
 - (7) Gurgling joy.
 - (8) Carol of contentment.
2. (a) Scan the first four lines of the poem.
(b) Find examples of :—
 - (1) Transferred epithet.
 - (2) Personification.
3. Which lines do you like best? Give reasons for your answer.

37. THE WARRIOR'S RETURN

Hear ye that lofty pealing sound
Upon the balmy air,
The exulting shout that best proclaims
The deeds which heroes dare?

In triumph blow their trumpets proud,
The clouds repeat their voice;
Go, greet the laurell'd victors home,
And bid our realms rejoice.

Let the poets tune their golden harps,
Let maidens wear their smile,
And young and old their cares lay by,
And cease to mourn awhile.

What! hear'st thou not their joyous din?
Behold, above the vale,
Their haughty plumes and ensigns red
Are flutt'ring in the gale;

And helmets cleft, and canvas torn,
Proclaim the fighting done;
And neighing steeds, and bloody spears.
Announce the battle won. . . .

Alas! the vision mocks my sight;
I see no gallant throng,
No trophies meet my longing eyes;
Bid cease the joyous song.

That recreant slave is not my lord;
Ne'er thus the brave return;
Go, bid the city-gates be barr'd
And leave me lone to mourn.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

I know him not. I never knew
A low ignoble love;
My warrior sleeps upon the moor,
His soul hath soar'd above.

Upon the battle-field he lies,
His garments stained with gore;
With sword in hand prepared he sleeps
To fight the battle o'er.

His shiver'd shield, his broken spear
Around him scatter'd lie;
The iron-breasted Moslems shook
To see my hero die.

Where helmets rang, where sabres smote,
He found his gory bed:
Join, mourners, join, and loudly raise
The requiem of the dead.

Expel yon vile imposter hence;
I will not trust his tale;
Our warriors on the crimson field
Their chieftain's loss bewail.

The mountain torrent rushing down
Can ne'er its course retrace,
And souls that speed on glory's path
Must ever onward press:

Aye, onward press—to bleed and die,
Triumphant still in death:
Imposter, hence! in other lands
Go draw thy coward breath.

S. C. DUTT

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Lofty pealing sound.
 - (2) Balmy air.
 - (3) Laurell'd victors.
 - (4) Haughty plumes.
 - (5) A low ignoble love.
 - (6) Coward breath.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza of the poem.
(b) Which stanza do you like best? Give your reasons.
3. What is your impression of the character of the "Warrior's" wife?

38. THE CHIEF OF POKURNA

Not clad in steel, from head to heel
In satin rich arrayed,
With his trusty sword, Pokurna's lord
Is riding through the glade.

To see his falcon proudly soar
And strike, he comes so far;
In peaceful guise he rideth on,
Nor dreams of blood or war.

All sudden from their ambush
The treacherous foemen rose,
With vengeful eyes and glittering arms,
With spears and bended bows:

And ere the chief could draw his blade,
They hemmed him darkly round,
And plucked him from his frightened steed,
And bore him to the ground.

The king sat on a gorgeous throne,
All rough with ruddy gold,
Begirt with many a haughty peer,
And warriors stern and bold;

With many a vassal-prince around,
For they had come from far,
To pay their homage to their lord,
The sovereign of Marwar.

With fetters on his manly hands,
Within that hostile ring,
With dauntless look the chief appeared
Before his angry king,

For he had often vaunted thus,
In public and alone,
“Within my dagger’s sheath I hold
This kingdom’s royal throne.”

Before his angry king he stood,
The king he had defied,
Nor quailed he ’neath that princely glance
Nor veiled his brow of pride;

Though bent on him were fiery eyes,
And looks of rage and hate,
He stood as calm as if he were
Within his castle gate.

The monarch spoke, his words rang out
In accents stern and clear,
“Ha! traitor, insolent and keen,
At last we have thee here;

Where now are all thy boastings vain,
Amidst thy men of war?
Say, where is now the sheath that holds
The fortunes of Marwar?”

Oh! grimly turned Pokurna’s lord,
And long and loud laughed he,
Then waved his hand towards the prince
And answered loftily:

“I left it with my gallant son,
Within Pokurna’s hall;
Tremble, false prince, for sure he will
Avenge his father’s fall!”

The monarch’s swarthy cheeks grew pale,
The lightning filled his eye:
“And dar’st thou, rebel, even here,
Thy sovereign lord defy?”

Ho, soldiers! drag the traitor out,
And, ere the close of day
Let his foul carcase feed the dogs
Upon the public way."

Oh! gaily in a golden shower
The setting sunlight falls
Upon the waste of glinting sand
Which girds Pokurna's walls.

The warder paced the battlements,
With heavy steps and slow,
And from within arose a cry,
A wail of grief and woe.

There noble dames shed heart-wrung tears,
And rent their glossy hair,
And cried aloud for him, the dead,
And beat their bosoms bare.

And cursed with bitter, bitter words
The prince at whose command
Was foully slain their noble chief,
The bravest in the land.

Far different was the scene within
That castle's ancient hall,
Where 'neath the glorious banners
Which graced the blackened wall,

Five hundred mailed warriors
And chiefs of high emprise
Around their youthful leader stood,
With stern yet moistened eyes.

They bared at once their shining blades
And lifted them on high,
And swore a deep and deadly oath
To avenge their lord or die.

Full well their solemn oath they kept
In many a mortal fray,
And sorely rued that haughty prince
The deed he did that day.

O. C. DUTT

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Tell briefly the story of the Chief of Pokurna.
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) In peaceful guise.
 - (2) Vengeful eyes.
 - (3) Ruddy gold.
 - (4) Vassal-prince.
 - (5) Dauntless look.
 - (6) "Within my dagger's sheath I hold
This kingdom's royal throne".
 - (7) Heart-wrung tears.
 - (8) Mailed warriors.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza of the poem.
(b) Which stanza do you like best? Give your reasons.
3. Relate any other similar story which you know.

39. AURUNGZEB AT HIS FATHER'S BIER

The monarch lay upon his bier ;
 Censers were burning low,
 As through the lofty arches streamed
 The setting sun's red glow.
 Still grasped he in his hand the blade
 Which well-fought fields had won,
 And Aurungzeb beside him knelt,
 Usurper proud and son.

Remorse had stricken his proud heart
 And quenched his wonted fire ;
 With gloomy brow and look intent
 He gazed upon his sire :
 Can tyrant death make him afraid ?
 Hot tears burst from his eyes,
 As thus his grief found vent in words
 To the warrior-train's surprise.

"Father, thou wert the goodliest king
 That e'er the sceptre swayed ;
 How could I then lift up my arm
 Against thee undismayed ?
 How could I send thee here to pine,
 Usurp the peacock-throne ;
 Oh ! had I perished in the womb,
 That deed were left undone.

See, all is changed that was estranged,
 Awake, my sire, my king,
 See, soldiers in their war array
 Thy son in fetters bring !
 Thy rebel son who will abide
 Thy word whate'er it be,
 And fearless meet the rack or steel,
 Rise up once more and see !

Thou wilt not hear—thou wilt not speak
It is the last long sleep.—
And am I not a king myself?
What mean these stirrings deep?
Oh! foolish eyes, what means this rheum?
I will not call them tears;
My heart which nothing e'er could daunt
Is faint with boding fears.

The past appears! a checkered field
Of guilt and shame and war,
What evil influence ruled my birth,
What swart malignant star?
Why did I barter peace of mind
For royal pomp and state?
Mad for the baleful meteor's gleam,
With worldly joys elate.

Remembered voices speak my name
And call me parricide,
The murdered Dara beckons me—
He was thy joy and pride:
And thus I fling the dear-bought crown,
But whither can I fly?
The awful thought still follows me
That even kings will die."

H. C. DUTT

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is the substance of the poem?
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) Well-fought fields.
 - (2) Remorse had stricken his proud heart.
 - (3) Sceptre swayed.
 - (4) Rheum.
 - (5) Boding fears.
 - (6) What evil influence ruled my birth,
What swart malignant star?
 - (7) Baleful meteor's gleam.
 - (8) Dear-bought crown.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza of the poem.
(b) Which do you consider the most touching stanza?
(c) Pick out any one figure of speech.
3. Compare Aurungzeb and Akbar. What do we learn about Aurungzeb's character from this poem?

40. THE WILL TO DO

Once Tamurlane was watching an ant climb up a wall,
An hundred times essaying an hundred times to fall;
At last it gained the summit; then cried out Tamurlane,
“Lo, true and steadfast courage can dare, accomplish all”.

II

Those who great deeds accomplish are wont to be
tongue-tied,
—Craft in both speech and action to mortals is
denied—
And as our wordy ocean flows onward to its flood,
Our once great sea of action ebbs to a lower tide.

III

In this world's hurried sojourn none can afford delay,
Lo! you must leave tomorrow who but arrived today,
The summons for your going, immutable, draws nigh,
Gird up your loins and hasten, accomplish while you
may.

IV

First labour to your utmost if you would aught
attain—
Then pray for God's assistance lest labour be in
vain—
When menaced by the Deluge, his race in peril stayed
Till Noah's self wrought greatly with his stout hand
and brain.

Trans. by C. S. TUTE
(From Hali's *Quatrains*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is the message of the poem?
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Steadfast courage.
 - (2) Craft in both speech and action to mortals is denied.
 - (3) And as our wordy ocean flows onward to its flood,
Our once great sea of action ebbs to a lower tide.
 - (4) Hurried sojourn.
 - (5) When menaced by the Deluge, his race in peril stayed
Till Noah's self wrought greatly with his stout hand and brain.
2. (a) Scan the first four lines of the poem.
(b) Explain the metaphor in the second stanza.
3. Write a paragraph on "Perseverance."

41. WISDOM

I

Lo! lettered or unlettered, no man is truly wise,
Yet twixt their common folly this difference doth arise :
The wise of his unwisdom is ever well aware,
The fool his depths of folly can never realise.

II

Fair Wisdom! by whose favour whole nations riches
 gain,
While swift decay hath stricken those who thy arts
 disdain;
Thou dost disclose the secrets of this world's treasure
 house
To those far-sighted peoples who of thy lore are fain.

III

Hail Wisdom! of joy's storehouse thou art the magic
 key;
Of all delights the fountain, source of prosperity;
Rest here and rest hereafter are found beneath thy
 shade;
Provider in this lifetime, Guide to the life-to-be.

Trans. by C. S. TUTE
(From Hali's *Quatrains*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What is wisdom (according to the poet)?
(b) Explain :—
 - (1) The wise of his unwisdom is ever well aware,
The fool his depths of folly can never realise.
 - (2) Thou dost disclose the secrets of this world's treasure house.
To those far-sighted peoples who of thy lore are fain.
 - (3) Of joy's storehouse thou art the magic key.
2. (a) Scan the first quatrain.
(b) Which stanza do you like best? Give your reasons.
3. Justify the third stanza in a paragraph of about 150 words.

42. THE HUNT

His neck in beauty bends
As backward looks he sends
At my pursuing car
That threatens death from far.
Fear shrinks to half the body small;
See how he fears the arrow's fall!

The path he takes is strewn
With blades of grass half-chewed
From jaws wide with the stress
Of fevered weariness.
He leaps so often and so high,
He does not seem to run, but fly.

Trans. by A. W. RYDER
(From *Sakuntala*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Describe the hunted deer.
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Fear shrinks to half the body small.
 - (2) Stress of fevered weariness.
2. (a) Scan the first stanza.
(b) Which lines do you consider the most descriptive?
3. Describe a hunting scene.

43. THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN-RANGE

God of the distant north, the Snowy Range
O'er other mountains towers imperially;
Earth's measuring-rod, being great and free from
Sinks to the eastern and the western sea. change,

Whose countless wealth of natural gems is not
Too deeply blemished by the cruel snow;
One fault for many virtues is forgot,
The moon's one stain for beams that endless flow

Where demigods enjoy the shade of clouds
Circling his lower crests, but often seek,
When startled by the sudden rain that shrouds
His waist, some loftier, ever sunlit peak.

Where bark of birch-trees make, when torn in strips
And streaked with mountain minerals that blend
To written words 'neath dainty finger-tips,
Such dear love-letters as the fairies send.

Whose organ-pipes are stems of bamboo, which
Are filled from cavern-winds that know no rest,
As if the mountain strove to set the pitch
For songs that angels sing upon his crest.

Where magic herbs that glitter in the night
Are lamps that need no oil within them, when
They fill cave-dwellings with their shimmering light
And shine upon the loves of mountain men.

Who offers roof and refuge in his caves
To timid darkness shrinking from the day;
A lofty soul is generous; he saves
Such honest cowards as for protection pray.

Who brings to birth the plants of sacrifice;
Who steadies the earth, so strong is he and broad.
The great Creator, for this service's price,
Made him the king of mountains, and a god.

Trans. by A. W. RYDER
(From *The Birth of the War-God*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Summarize the poem.
(b) Explain:—
 - (1) Earth's measuring-rod.
 - (2) Whose organ-pipes are stems of bamboo.
 - (3) Set the pitch.
2. (a) Scan the last stanza.
(b) Explain the figures of speech found in the poem.
3. Write an account of an imaginary trip to Mount Everest.

APPENDIX A

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Chattopadhyaya, Harindranath.

Youngest brother of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Has written two volumes of verse, *Feast of Youth* and *Perfume of Earth*. Has attempted setting English words to Indian tunes, giving recitals abroad as well as in South India. Has also done some work to reform the Indian stage. Lives now at Aurobindo Ghose's Ashram at Pondicherry.

Seshadri, P.

Took his M.A. at Madras. For several years was Head of the English Department, Benares Hindu University. Has written several volumes of Sonnets, *Champak Leaves*, *Vanished Hours*, etc. For several years was President of the All-India Federation of Educational Associations and is now Principal of the Government College, Ajmer.

Dutt, Romesh Chandra.

A Bengali writer best known neither for his official duties as a civil servant nor later as Diwan of a state, but for his able renderings of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* into English verse. He also wrote a novel *Lake of Palms*, and a collection of English translations from the most varied Sanskrit sources, called *Indian Poetry*. Also wrote extensively in Bengali.

Dutt, Michael Madhusudan.

Early in life he wrote the Byronic romance, *Captive Lady*, but with the exception of this and a few other poems and sonnets he devoted his time to Bengali poetry and drama. Married an English girl, the daughter of a

APPENDIX A

Bishop of Madras, went to England to study for the bar, but was never successful at law.

Ghose, Manmohan.

After a brilliant career at school and college in England he returned with his English wife to take a professorship at Presidency College, Calcutta. Found it very difficult to adapt himself to Indian conditions. Lost his wife early in life. His best known volume of poems is *Songs of Life and Death*, every page of which is dedicated to the memory of his wife.

Chordia, Shyam Sunder Iall.

Coming from Rajputana it was appropriate for him to call his early volume of Sonnets, *Chitore and other Poems*. He is a professor of English at Nagpur.

Keene, H. G.

Has occasionally turned his attention from his historical pursuits to write poems. *Poems Original and Translated* and *Under the Rose and Peepul Leaves* are the best known volumes of his verse.

Chettur, G. K.

After studying at the Madras University he took his M.A. at Oxford. Has published three or four volumes of poems. Was Principal of Government College, Mangalore. He is one of the few South Indian poets who wrote in English: and excels many of them in his exquisite sentiments as well as the spontaneous grace of expression. He died in 1935.

Cousins, James H.

Born in Ireland, he took an active part in the Irish Literary Revival led by W. B. Yeats. After several years in India he went to Japan as Professor of English. He is now at Madanapalle College, S. India. His collected poems are aptly entitled *The Wandering Harp*. His

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

daring originality and the strange combination of East and West in his poems give them a charm all their own.

Derozio, Henry.

Born in Calcutta. Was persuaded by his father to enter upon a business career, but this was short-lived. Published his first volume of verse when 18 years of age.

As one of the earliest teachers of English in this country it was his privilege to introduce some of his students in Bengal to the wealth of Western culture and they have testified to the inspiration of his teaching. Had he lived longer the promise of his early poems would have been fulfilled but he died at the age of 23. Although an Anglo-Indian he deserves to be regarded as the National Bard of Modern India.

Hali.

Maulvi Khwaja Altaf Hussain Ansari, the Urdu poet of Panipat in the Punjab, adopted the nom-de-plume 'Hali' which means "Genuine—Real". Much of his development as a poet and reformer was due to his contact with Ghalib, the famous Urdu poet. We have to thank Mr. Tute for an English verse rendering of Hali's *Quatrains*.

Dutt, Hur Chunder.

One of the first Bengali writers of English verse. Contributor to the famous Dutt Family Album. Published a collection of poems with an Indian background.

Dutt, Omesh Chunder.

Prolific writer of English verse. His contributions are some of the best in the Dutt Family Album.

Dutt, Shashee Chunder.

Wrote voluminously on themes drawn from Indian history. His complete works comprise ten volumes.

Dutt, Toru.

A Bengali woman writer of distinction. Keenly interested in Indian history and literature. Wrote fluently in

APPENDIX A

French and English. Famous for her *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*. Died at the age of twenty-one.

Griffith, R. T. H.

Principal of Benares College. A famous Sanskrit student, who made many good translations from Sanskrit into English.

Naidu, Sarojini.

The eminent contemporary Bengali poetess and political leader. Has published several volumes of verse in English on Indian subjects. Her verse is characterized by its oriental passion and colour.

Waterfield, William.

Spent many years in Bengal where he became interested in Sanskrit literature. Well known as a translator and writer of verse inspired by Indian themes.

Modak, Cyril.

Born of Maharashtrian stock, but a Christian by conviction. Studied in the United States and since he was nineteen has written verses and poems which have been published in various magazines.

APPENDIX B

TYPES OF POEMS

Just as in some Indian languages, poems are classified as *varnatmaka*, or descriptive, *bhāvatmaka*, or imaginative, and *vicharatmaka*, or reflective, so in English there are four broad divisions, descriptive, lyric, reflective and dramatic. In the *descriptive* type there are *Epics*, like *Paradise Lost*, *Romances*, like Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Ballads*, like Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter*. In the *lyric* type there are *Lyrics*, like those of Shelley, *Elegies*, like Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, *Odes*, like Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, *Sonnets*, like the sonnets of Shakespeare or Elizabeth Barret-Browning. In the *reflective* type there are *Didactic* poems, like Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, *Philosophical* poems, like Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Religious* poems, like Watt's *O God Our Help in Ages Past*. In the *dramatic* type, there are dramas written in verse form, and also ballads written in dramatic style.

ESSENTIALS OF POETRY

An Indian knows that the first essential of poetry is *bhāva*. This *bhāva* is the result of deep insight. The average man is unimaginative, lacks vision, soul-perception, and perceives only the outward aspects of what he sees. But the poet sees, feels and apprehends more. He reveals the inner meaning, the hidden beauty of things. The revelation is embodied in the poet's *bhāva*, in his *vision*. Great poetry has vision. It gives a glimpse of ideal beauty. It helps us to understand some of the mystery of the objective world. As a poet says :

“Alas ! the things we always see
We fail to see, our eyes grow blind,
The poet turns the golden key
And opens windows in the mind . . .

APPENDIX B

And for a moment to our eyes
Shine through the great realities,
The deep mysterious verities,
The eternal things unseen."

It is the poet's noble ideals, lofty message and keen perception that compel us to exclaim, "His poetry is inspired!" A contemporary poet speaks of his vision as being "more ultimate than insight and more prophetic than foresight".

It is no news to an Indian that *emotion* is essential to poetry, for he learns from his own literature that *rasa* is the emotional counterpart of *bhāva*. If *bhāva* is the ideational, *rasa* is the emotional essence of poetry. Poems can draw tears from our eyes, inspire us with heroism, gladden our spirits, move us to laughter, rouse our indignation, fill our hearts with tender feelings, touch us with awe, or bring us peace. There are accordingly nine kinds of *rasa* or feeling-tone. In poetry heart sings to heart as in prose mind speaks to mind. The more genuine the poet's inspiration, the purer, the more exalted will be this emotional appeal. Mere exaggeration has a hollow ring. Insincere feelings have no place in poetry. That is why versifiers who produce technically correct verses can be detected. Mere verse lacks the glow of emotion and is wanting in richness of thought.

Just as vision and emotion, or *bhāva* and *rasa* are counterparts, so music and imagery are complementary essentials of poetry. Music may be called the harmonizing, and imagery the visualizing, accompaniment of thought. The poet obtains his musical effect by a blending of gentle rhythms and rhymes with dulcet words. Rhythm is the cadence, the rise and fall of sound, determined by metrical devices. In some Indian languages there is *chhand*. So in English there is metre. Ordinarily we speak of iambic, trochaic, dactylic, anapaestic, and mixed metres. In English every word of more than one syllable has one of its syllables accented; e.g., *o'cean* has the first syllable accented, *delight'* has the second syllable (de light') accented, *encoun'ter* has the middle syllable (en coun' ter) accented. But even when there are two or more words

of one syllable each, the accent naturally falls on one or the other, e.g. "*I will' not shut' me from' my kind'.*" A metrical "foot" consists of one accented or stressed syllable and one or two unaccented syllables according to the kind of metre adopted. Thus a line having each foot of two syllables, with the second syllable accented is said to be in iambic metre, e.g. Masefield's lines,—

"Where man'/y a love'/ly Tro'/jan maid'
Set Tro'/jan lads'/ to love'/ly things,'
The game'/ of life'/ was no'/bly played',
They played'/ the game'/ like Queens'/ and Kings'."

A line having each foot of two syllables with the accent on the first syllable is said to be in trochaic metre, e.g. Longfellow's lines,—

"Lives' of/ great' men/ all' re/mind' us
We' can/ make' our/ lives' sub/lime';
And' de/par' ting/ leave' be/hind' us
Foot' prints/ on' the/ sands' of/ time'."

A line having each foot of three syllables with the last syllable stressed is said to be in the anapaestic metre, e.g. Moore's lines,—

"He had lived'/ for his love',/ for his coun'/try he died'
They were all'/ that to life'/ had en twined'/ him;
Nor soon'/ shall the tears'/ of his coun'/try be dried',
Nor long'/ shall his love'/ stay be hind'/ him."

A line having each foot of three syllables with the first syllable stressed is said to be in dactylic metre, e.g. Scott's lines,—

"Hail' to the/ chief' who in/ tri' umph ad/ van'ces!
Hon' oured and/ blest' be the/ e' ver green/ pine;
Long' may the/ tree' in his/ ban' ner that/ glan' ces
Flour' ish, the/ shel' ter and/ grace' of our/ line!"

Having found out the kind of metre (measurement of time-intervals) it is necessary to determine the measurement

APPENDIX B

of accent-intervals or feet. A line having two feet is a *dimeter*, one having three feet a *trimeter*, one having four feet a *tetrameter*, one having five feet a *pentameter*, one having six feet a *hexameter*. Now a line which has four feet, each foot having two syllables, with the accent on the second syllable, will be called an *iambic tetrameter*, e.g.

“But know’/ledge is’/ of things’/ we see’.”

Through metrical devices the poet obtains the rising and falling rhythm, and through rhyming the verbal melody of verse. But the poet uses onomatopoeic and alliterative words, or words that imitate sounds, and words beginning with the same consonant, to enrich verbal music. Lines taken from Southey’s famous onomatopoeic, *How the Water Comes Down at Lodore*, illustrate how the sound of a torrent is suggested by words:

“Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing.”

Or Tennyson’s suggestion of cooing doves and humming bees,

“The moan of doves in immemorial elms ..
And murmuring of innumerable bees.”

As an example of alliteration we have Coleridge’s

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free.”

Or Byron’s

“Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And freedom’s fame finds wings on every wind.”

Or Gray’s

“No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—”

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

A more subtle means of enriching the musical charm of poetry is by mingling the vowel and consonant sounds to suit the sense, e.g. :

“The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves,”

Or

“Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.”

Treatises on Indian poetry devote whole sections to the art of harmonizing sound and sense. It is considered one of the best “adornments” of poetry.

Poetry has as much of the visualizing as of the harmonizing accompaniment of thought. As a matter of fact, half the charm of poetry is in the pictorial effect of its images. Imagery has been called an “ornament” of poetry by Indian critics. Poets conjure up mental pictures for us chiefly by the use of vivid figures of speech. A *simile* expresses a comparison of two different things which have some point or points of resemblance. Some particular quality in a thing or person is made vividly clear by comparing it with a similar quality in something else. Any comparison having the word *like* or *as* is not necessarily a simile, e.g. “My coat is like yours” is a comparison, but not a simile. While in “I wandered lonely as a cloud” there is a simile. The Indian student is trained to look for many kinds of simile or *upamā*, since the subtle teachers of poetics in India classified similes under different functional heads. A *metaphor* expresses a direct comparison. It may be called a compressed or contracted simile. Instead of the two qualities or things being compared they are identified, e.g. “Athens, the eye of Greece, Mother of arts and eloquence” is a metaphor. It can be expanded into a simile, thus, “Athens was like an eye to Greece, and like a mother to arts and eloquence.” Similes can be condensed into metaphors, e.g. “Pratap fought like a tiger on the battlefield of Haldighat” can be compressed into “Pratap was a tiger on the battlefield of Haldighat.” The metaphor or *rupaka* is also subdivided in Indian poetics into classes according

APPENDIX B

to its special function or position. *Personification* is very common in the poetry of any country. It ascribes human attributes to inanimate objects and abstract ideas, e.g. "And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne," (Keats), "Death lays his icy hand on Kings" (Shirley),

"And knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll" (Gray), -

"Strong son of God, immortal Love" (Tennyson).

Hyperbole expresses an exaggeration and is generally allied with either metaphor or simile. Indian poetry abounds in this figure, *Utpreksha* is the Indian parallel to hyperbole, e.g.

"There stood the giant hill, as if to save
Earth from the peril of the threatening wave."
(Bhatti Kavya)

Compare two lines from *King John*,

"That pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the Ocean's roaring tides."

Or "So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown." (Milton)

Or

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up the soul." (Shakespeare).

Metonymy is the use of the name of the attribute for the thing to which it is an attribute—e.g., pen for the writer, sceptre for the king etc.

"The pen is mightier than the sword,"

"Behind him came a hundred drums."

Synecdoche is a figure of speech in which the part is used for the whole or the whole for the part; the abstract for the concrete or the concrete for the abstract; the material for the thing, or the individual for the class, etc.

THE INDIAN GATEWAY TO POETRY

"All *hands* at work, the royal work grows warm,"
(Dryden)

"I hate the *Viceroy*, love the man." (Swift)

"A *Daniel* come to judgement." (Shakespeare)

"The peoples' *prayer*, the glad diviner's *theme*,
The young man's *vision* and the old men's *dream*."
(Dryden).

Antithesis is a figure of simple contrast in which apparently contradictory expressions are brought side by side for the sake of emphasis. Probably the nearest to this in Indian prosody is *Virodh*, figure of contradiction, e.g.

"Love pierced great Rama with soft darts of flowers—
Burnt him with breezes chill'd with sea-spray showers."

Or

"Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew."
(Goldsmith)

Or

"His faith unfaithful kept him falsely true." (Scott).
Epigram is a figure of wit, a terse saying expressive of a striking truth, e.g.

"A little more than kin, a little less than kind."
(Shakespeare)

"The child is father of the man." (Wordsworth)

DISTINCTION BETWEEN VERSE AND POETRY

As we have seen, poetry has a technical side, but this technical side is not what constitutes poetry. In all languages there is a great deal of verse which does not rise to the level of poetry, e.g.:

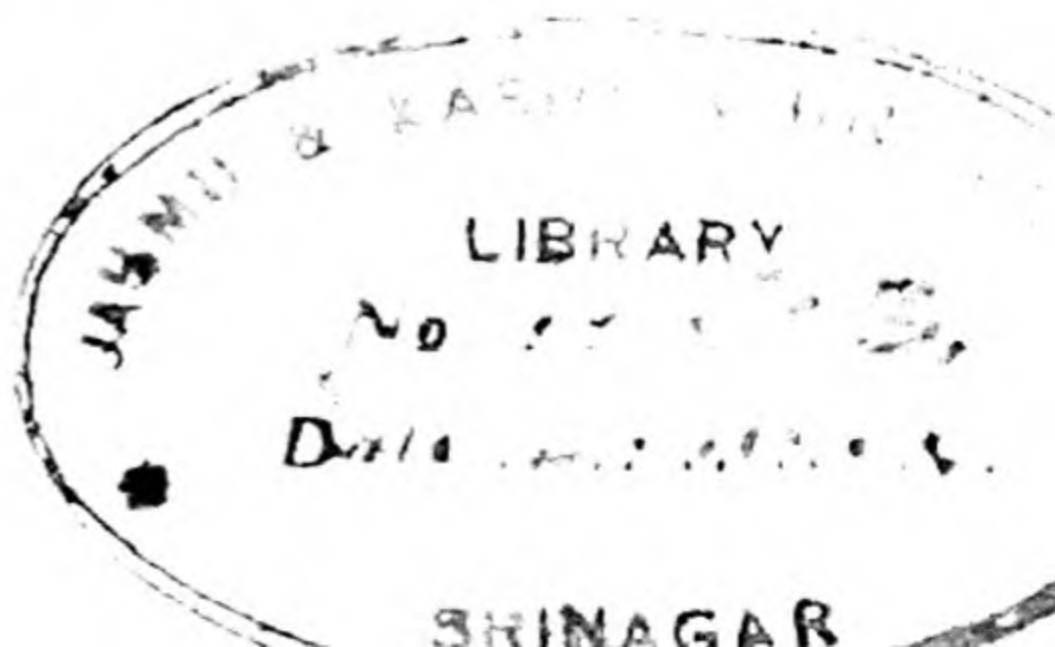
"I put my hat upon my head
And walked along the Strand;
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

APPENDIX B

Here the metre is regular: the rhyme is correct: still these four lines are not poetry, but mere verse. It is often said that verse is the body and poetry the inspiring soul. Noble thoughts that exalt the mind, rich and gorgeous imagery that arrests attention, delicate and sublime emotions that thrill the heart, music that lends enchantment to the whole, give to poetry its life and its power. To distinguish between excellent and poor poetry, one must constantly read, study, feel, and evaluate the best.

APPRECIATION

To be able to appreciate poetry we must understand, enjoy, and criticise it. How can this be done? The subject-matter is our first concern. What is the main source of interest in a poem? What is its substance? Having grasped the meaning and message of a poem, we begin to consider *why* it appeals to us. Is the vision inspiring? Is the feeling-tone elevating? Are the images vivid, striking, and expressive? Is the word-melody haunting and impressive? A good poem is one in which the poet has something beautiful to say and says it beautifully. Our appreciation of a poem is a *statement* of the *impression* made on us by the poet's *expression* (by the *form* in which the poet *embodies* the particular *subject*) and our *reasons* for this impression. The more we advance in our knowledge, the deeper will be our appreciation of poetry, since we shall be able to find deeper meanings, ampler relationships, trace truer historical connections, interpret literary values more fully. To this end we must develop an eagerly responsive soul and cultivate a sensitive taste for the beautiful and sublime.



Title

Author

Accession No.

Call No.[illegible]

Title

Author

Accession No.

Call No.

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**

Title

Author

Accession No.

Call No.

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**

Title

Author

Accession No.

Call No.

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**

**Borrower's
No.**

**Issue
Date**